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THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

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MR. ALDRICH is among the youngest of our poets—so young that the incidents of his life are rather too meagre, even for a sketch. But, having written some of the sweetest of poems, and possessing powers of fine promise, interest enough centres around his name to render this notice, and the accompanying portrait, worthy of a place in our pages.

Mr. A. was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1836. His father, doing business with the South, carried his family thither. Five years were spent in New-Orleans. In 1849, Thomas returned to Portsmouth for education. While attending school there, his father died. After this event he enters the counting-room of his uncle, a prominent merchant of New-York, with whom he remained for three years. During this time the poetic spirit moved within him so strongly as to impel him to write for the press, and he gave to the public many contributions, which, if they were full of faults, were also full of promise. These very early poems were collected in a volume, "The Bells," published by J. C. Derby, in 1855. The volume was kindly received for its promise, while the strictures passed upon it, served to correct the author's taste, to modify his too redundant expression, and to give more dignity to his style.

Our readers, doubtless, are familiar with "Babie Bell." This poem, written in 1856, showed the poet in a most pleasing light. Its pathos is touching, its imagery exquisite, and its climax effective. It was highly popular, and served to bring the author quite prominently before the public.

Tiring of mercantile life, as not most congenial to the tastes of the student and the associations of a poet, Mr. ALDRICH left the ledger, and became a contributor to Putnam's Magazine, the Knickerbocker Monthly, &c., &c. For one of our weeklies, he wrote "Daisy's Necklace—and What Came of it," a sweet prose-poem, since brought out by Derby & Jackson, and a large edition disposed of. It is made up of dainty conceit, exuberant fancies, and exquisite imagery.

In 1856, Mr. A. became connected with the editorial corps of the "Home Journal," which connection he still sustains. During this time he has written poems which have served to add much to his reputation, and to give him a prominent place among our writers in verse. "The Legend of Elsinore," in the last No. of this journal, was from his pen, and is a fair specimen of his powers. A sensuousness of rare grace pervades all that he writes, and makes him, characteristically, the poet of the Beautiful. His themes strike into exquisite chords and delightful

harmonies :—the grand and sublime, the passion of power, the subjectiveness of the seer, are not, apparently, within the compass of his lyre. Experience, age, study, may give to his pen more directness and strength ; but we surmise it will ever retain the idiosyncracies of the sensuous school of poets, whose prototype is KEATS.

We should be pleased to quote from some of MR. ALDRICH's late poems, but find that space forbids, except it be to drop in these little, and, we may say, characteristic, conceits :—

We knew it would rain, for all the morn  
A spirit, on slender ropes of mist,  
Was lowering its golden buckets down  
Into the vapory amethyst,

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—  
Scooping the dew that lay on the flowers,  
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,  
To sprinkle them over the land in showers!

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed  
The white of their leaves—the amber grain  
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now  
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

I have placed a golden  
Ring upon the hand  
Of the sweetest little  
Lady in the land!

When the royal roses  
Scent the summer's air,  
I shall gather white ones  
For my darling's hair!

Hasten, happy roses,  
Come to me by May;  
In your folded petals  
Lies my wedding day!

"The Tragedy," published in Harper's Weekly—"The Bouquet," published in the "Home Journal," are both fine poems. "Madge, the Rose of Glen-Lodge, a prose poem,"—published in the "Home Journal," during this year, was a passion record *a-la* "Raphael."

We are pleased to learn that Mr. ALDRICH designs soon to give to the public a second volume of poems; and have no doubt it will serve to give him a recognition as one of the most promising among the rising generation of poets.

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A gentleman from this city, now in Europe, says the Boston *Transcript*, lately paid a visit to the distinguished writer, THOMAS CARLYLE. He found him living at Chelsea, on the Thames, in the simplest manner, in a small house, in quite a retired situation. He talks much of American affairs, still holding to his old opinion, that Franklin is our greatest man.